

To Be Claimed By You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/42230823) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42230823>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Charlie Countryman (2013) , Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Will Graham , Nigel (Charlie Countryman) , Beverly Katz
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Stripper/Exotic Dancer , Strippers & Strip Clubs , Pole Dancing , Stripping , Lingerie , Cock Cages , Chastity Device , Anal Sex , Coming Untouched , Building Relationship , Ownership , Claiming , Coming Inside , Top Nigel (Charlie Countryman) , Bottom Will Graham , Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Kinktober 2022
Collections:	Kinktober 2022 Collection
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-06 Words: 3,880 Chapters: 1/1

To Be Claimed By You

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Summary

Will is a struggling college student working as a stripper. He has a very supportive patron who buys him nice things to wear to work.

Last weekend, his patron gifted him an expensive set of lingerie and a nice cock cage.

This weekend, Will wants to show them off.

But Will finds himself overcome with the desire to be claimed in his new cock cage, he wants his patron to own him.

Kinktober Day 6: Panties/Lingerie + Stripping + Chastity

Notes

Hello! I'm back for day 6 of Kinktober!!

I decided to skip day 5 because I had surgery, and I very much doubt that I will return to write it later.

I will also be skipping day 7, because I'm not into incest, and the other two prompts aren't really my things! Sorry guys!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

This club is nothing special. Nothing about it was ever worth taking note about. But it seemed like the perfect place for a struggling college student with a background in gymnastics to work nights.

Will walks out into the dim lights pointed towards him, his tiny leather shorts hugging his ass perfectly. It's one of his favorite pairs to wear on stage.

His lace panties are being pressed into his hips as he walks, compressed by the leather atop them. His nipples are being beautifully chafed against his new bralet, hidden beneath a baby blue crop top.

This matching lingerie set was a generous gift from one of his favorite patrons.

As was the chastity cage containing his limp cock. Cool steel pressing into his skin as he sways his hips against the pole.

He's patient as he waits for the DJ to start up his chosen song, breaths thin and quick as the anticipation builds.

That's when the steady beats starts up, calling Will to action. He doesn't startle at the loud volume, used to it now that he's been working here for over a year.

He crawls up the pole slowly, showing off the strong muscles in his arms. His feet aren't needed to climb up the pole, so they flutter beneath him prettily, showing off his perfect platform shoes.

They're not much of a lift, but they do take him all the way from 5'9 to 6'0. This helps him feel more confident with himself when he goes to collect tips and compliments from customers after his show, winking at the really cute ones.

It takes Will only a minute into his routine before he spots his favorite cute one. Well— Will would call him more handsome than cute.

His favorite patron,

Nigel.

He shivers when their eyes meet, now eager to show off his new set of lingerie for the possessive patron.

Will locks his legs around the pole with purpose, leaning his body back to a supine position. Once he's secure, he lets go of the pole and feels gravity pulling down on him all at once.

While he's supine, Will takes the time to strip off his crop top slowly, revealing the pretty black lace bralet. He looks for Nigel again in the crowd, pleased when he finds his eyes.

His eyes are full of lust. The same lust he sees every time they're alone in the VIP rooms.

He gets a soft flutter in his chest when he realizes that that lust will only burn harder when Nigel finally gets to see his cock cage on Will.

He eases himself out of his previous pose and moves onto his floor work that's choreographed in this section of this song.

This is also where he's choreographed to take off the leather trousers. He makes his way up to that point flawlessly, not messing up even once.

Many grabby hands pull at his waistband to slip their tips into his shorts. He smirks as he pulls them down, watching the money go fluttering down onto the stage.

He hears whoops and hollers of excited women in the crowd over the music. But he realizes with a drop in his stomach that he can't locate Nigel in the crowd anymore.

Was he so disinterested that he decided to leave right near the end of Will's routine?

Will makes the rest of the way through his routine with that heavy weight in his stomach. It's affecting his dancing, he can tell.

By the end of his show, he's completely bare, down to his cock cage.

He can tell that there's many men out there that are eyeing the cage with interest, trying to make out if there's a padlock on it as Will collects his tips and clothing from off the stage floor.

They're looking to see if he's claimed.

Technically, he's not. But the cage did come with a padlock, one that he holds the key to. He owns himself... for now.

Will hurries off stage, heading back to his dressing room so he can get changed into his outfit that he'll be walking around the club in.

That's when he hears a soft tapping knock on his door. He turns his head before calling a quick acknowledgment and permission to enter.

It's one of the floor managers, Beverly Katz. He smiles at her fondly as she enters the room, closing the door behind her.

"Nigel has requested a private dance tonight," She speaks in a business tone, keeping it professional as she says, "and asks that you wear the same set of lingerie you wore on stage."

Will can't help but let out a short laugh. Oh, how could he doubt Nigel? Of course he wouldn't leave right when his routine got to the good part.

"Alright." Will speaks casually, "Show him to room four, I'll be in with him shortly."

She gives a quick nod before she exits, locking his door on her way out. Beverly is always considerate like that.

He doesn't waste any time to start getting ready to see Nigel. He strips out of the clothes he had pointlessly put on, and takes off his cage right before entering the shower.

He washes his gelled curls in his favorite shampoo, one that smells just the right amount like nature.

He scrubs soap into every crack and crevice of his body, paying special attention to his genitals and face.

When he exits the shower seven minutes later, he towels off with haste. Once his cock is fully dry, he puts the cage back on, keeping the key nearby as he dresses back into the expensive lingerie.

He slips the key into the bralet once it's clasped behind his back. The key is just light enough to be held in place.

He slips his panties on with care, pleased with the fact that you can see the cage through the thin lace.

He grabs his bathrobe, slinging it around his shoulders to cover his thin, fit figure. He ties it around his waist in a practiced manner.

He slips a secondary, heavier key into the pocket of his bathrobe, one that has nothing to do with his cock cage.

The hair gel Will used for his show was washed out in the shower, and he's grateful for it. He knows how much Nigel loves pulling his hair while he fucks him.

Employees are not allowed to go date their patrons. They're definitely not supposed to have sex with their patrons..

At all. Inside or outside the club.

But Will and Nigel? Oh, they fuck like rabbits almost every weekend.

They're sneaky about it, and Will finds himself looking forward to it throughout the week.

Nigel usually only comes in on Saturdays, so Will always takes time to prep himself before coming to work. It's become a ritual at this point.

He was eager to add putting on his cage to the list of things he has to do to get ready for Nigel on Saturday nights.

Will pulls on the same platforms he'd been wearing on stage, and opens his door to head down to the VIP rooms.

He feels oddly naked as he walks towards the private rooms, covered only by lacey lingerie and a plush bath robe.

He arrives at VIP room #4 just a few moments later, his hand resting on the handle as he calms his breathing.

Will requests Beverly to put Nigel in #4 every time. It's the only room that has a door. And Will was able to get a copy of the key to it.

Beverly is definitely suspicious of the two of them inside the room, but Will is careful.

Will would definitely get fired, and would most certainly be banned from ever stepping into the club if anyone learnt about his key. Or that he uses it for Nigel.

He pulls down on the handle and immediately feels heavy eyes on his figure. Will closes the door and locks it from the inside with the key he slipped into his pocket earlier.

He hears Nigel stand, moving over to him quickly. He feels Nigel pressed against his back, and his interest against his ass.

Nigel reaches around Will's body to undo the weak knot that he tied on his waist to keep the robe closed on his body.

Nigel lets go and the robe falls slowly to the ground, hanging on Will's shoulders for only a second.

Will shivers when Nigel presses one slow kiss into the spot where his shoulder connects to his neck, a very tender spot on Will's body.

One of Nigel's hands is now roaming his body, the other holding his steady at the hip.

The roaming hand travels up to play with his right nipple through the lace bralet, whispering in Will's ear when he pinches it.

"I knew that you would look so fucking gorgeous in this set."

Will practically shivers hearing the praise. He loves to hear Nigel's approval about his choices and his body.

"I feel gorgeous.." Will whimpers out when he feels Nigel's hand travel down his body to toy with the hem of his panties.

Will feels the need to put his hands against the door, show his submission to whatever Nigel pleases to do to him.

That's when Nigel shoved his hand down into Will's panties, gripping the cock cage with a pleased hum.

"And this.." Nigel gives a tug to the cage to emphasize his point, "fits you perfectly, darling."

Will lets out a pretty whine and cranes his head back to look Nigel in the eyes. They're practically black in his desire. Will is confident that his own look much the same.

They engage in a heat filled kiss, their tongues dancing with each other as their teeth clash carelessly.

“Shit.. if you fuck me right, I’ll let you have the key to the cage for the week.” Will breathes out, he knows that this is a lust filled promise, but it just feels so.. right.

It feels right to promise his dick over to Nigel. He won’t be able to masturbate with his cage on, let alone fuck anyone (not that he does anyways).

This week of not touching himself is going to be pure torture. But having sex with Nigel next weekend is going to be pure bliss.

And he’s confident that Nigel will end up claiming the key by the end of their session. He always fucks Will like it’s the only thing that matters.

“I would be fucking honored to hold your key, gorgeous.” Nigel growls as he goes back to roaming Will’s body, “Own your sexuality.” He adds with a nip to Will’s earlobe, breath hot on his neck.

Will would be entirely freaked out at the idea of being owned by anyone.. but Nigel. He might have even walked out if anyone else had said those words to him.

But this is Nigel.

The same man that he thinks about when he fucks himself at the end of the day. The same man he longs to be controlled, be dominated by.

“Shit.” Will breathes out yet again, pausing just a moment before turning himself in Nigel’s firm grip. The older man groans when he feels Will’s cage press against the desire within his pants.

“Get to it, old man.” Will growls against his lips, “If you want to own me, prove it.”

Nigel appears unaffected by Will’s words at first, simply leaning down to meet his lips in a soft kiss. But all at once, Will feels himself getting thrown down to the couch behind them.

His eyes blow wide at Nigel’s display of strength. It isn’t often that Nigel throws him around, but oh, he’s totally fucking into it.

Nigel is still standing, staring down at Will with heavy desire in his eyes. Will feels like he could burn under the heat.

Will is all too eager when he rises to his knees on the couch cushion, reaching out for Nigel’s belt. He tugs him closer and removes the belt like it offended him, tossing it aside.

Nigel’s hands find Will’s damp curls as he patiently waits for the boy to undress him.

He pulls out the tube of lube that he sneaks in each week before Will can throw it aside with his pants. He holds it firmly in one of his hands, effectively warming up the substance.

The other hand leaves Will's curls to start unbuttoning his shirt, trying his best to focus on getting it off as Will pulls down his boxers.

He pauses for a moment when he feels Will kiss the tip of his erect penis. Nigel takes a step back from the tempting boy to shuck off his shirt, shoes and socks. He steps out of his boxers and pants as he stalks back towards Will.

They're both fully naked and very, very hot.

Nigel presses his body against the elevated kneeling boy on the couch, trailing his hand down to prod at his dry hole.

"I-I thought about stretching myself in the shower, but I didn't. I'm sorry.." Will apologizes, knowing that he's effectively slowing down the process to getting Nigel his pleasure.

"If you're to belong to me, don't you think I should take care of things like that, gorgeous?" Nigel reassures, and Will sighs in relief that Nigel is showing his patience today.

Will reaches up to catch Nigel's lips in a soft kiss yet again, groaning when the circles on his hole start to get firmer, more invasive.

He hears the pop of the bottle lid before he can even begin to complain about the friction against his sensitive muscle.

Nigel coats his fingers in the lube, barking out a command as he focuses on getting every side of his three fingers wet with the lube.

"On your back."

Will follows the request quickly, laying down onto the couch with his head propped up on the arm of the long furniture.

Nigel doesn't bother to take off Will's panties, pushing the thin strap to the side before entering his first finger into Will's hole.

He's now hyper aware of how tight his cage feels on his cock. His cock trying to get hard for Nigel, even in the unmoving steel.

After a minute of only one finger, Nigel adds another, fucking into Will's pliant body slowly.

He can't help but admire the younger man as he stretches him out. Even in the dim lighting, Nigel can see his rose colored nipples under the bralet, but also something shiny next to one of them.

He decides to ignore his curiosity of what it could be, and inserts another finger into Will's body, smirking at the whine it pulls out of the college kid. "God- Nigel. I need you."

Nigel lets out an understanding hum, and retrieves the bottle of lube with his unoccupied hand, spreading the slippery substance over his dick slowly, ensuring that it's on every inch of his length.

Will looks at him through spread legs, deciding to spread them farther so Nigel will be able to lean down into his when he finally fucks him.

The sight before Nigel is absolutely sinful.

Will is clothed only in thin lace lingerie, the set that Nigel picked out for him and gifted him last week. Underneath the lingerie, his cock cage shines through, the cock cage was another gift from Nigel. Will's legs are spread far, inviting Nigel in to hold him, to lean down and claim him.

Nigel pulls out his fingers then, pleased with how Will's hole spasms in desperate need to be filled at all times.

He pulls the panties to the side again with one hand, lining himself up carefully with the other.

"Are you ready to take me, gorgeous?" Nigel breathes out when he feels his cockhead press against Will's flickering hole.

"Yes- shit. I'm more than ready for you." Will pants out, arching his back to communicate his desire.

"So needy tonight.." Nigel says with a confident smirk on his face, not hesitating to push his hips forward, pleased when Will's hole accepts his cockhead without any resistance.

"Does the idea of being claimed excite you, Will?" Nigel presses for details when he plunges in, his hips sputtering as he bottoms out in the beautiful body below him.

Nigel grabs onto both of Will's ankles, pulling them up so he can get a better look at himself settled inside of Will's tight hole.

"Yes! I want you. I want your claim, Nigel." Will exclaims, wiggling his hips against the older man's in an attempt to encourage Nigel to move.

He doesn't need any encouragement.

He starts fucking into the tight heat, the grip on Will's ankles tightening. "Just mine?" Nigel asks in a gruff tone, staring into Will's eyes as his hips move.

"F-fuck. Yes, I need you to own me." Will pants out, moving his hands quickly to find Nigel's broad back, nails digging in as Nigel picks up his pace, not wasting any time tonight.

"I'm driving myself insane, denying my desire to be claimed." He cries out, his nails raking down Nigel's back with a particularly rough thrust.

Nigel's breath becomes thin as he pounds down into Will. He releases his ankles and leans down to kiss along Will's throat roughly.

Will's legs now lock around Nigel's lower back, angling his hips to a better position, and preventing Nigel from pulling out too far.

He's practically balls deep when he thrusts into Will's body, reaching far into the tight walls.

Will's cage is being pushed and pulled viciously as by Nigel's fit stomach as he fucks into him. The pain is there, but it's dampened by overwhelming pleasure.

He whines and claws at Nigel's back as he's pounded into, his prostate under heavy abuse. Nigel's thrusts start to become more inconsistent, but harder as he starts to feel the ball of pleasure build in his abdomen.

Will's walls keep tightening around him, a telltale sign that Will is losing control of his body, no longer able to stay pliable and loose.

He bites at the lady tattooed under Nigel's skin, panting against his neck as the couch starts to creak under them.

Panic flares in Will's mind for a moment, worried that they're being too loud. But he quickly forgets it when Nigel sits up and grabs onto Will's thighs, fucking into him much more rough now.

He can tell that Nigel is being rougher than usual, more than likely overcome by the need to claim the whining boy under him.

That's when an idea pops into Will's brain, one that will surely please and push the primal being inside of Nigel.

When Will's mind becomes muddled by pleasure, he lets the words slip out of his mouth between one of his pants.

"Cum inside." He groans into his arm, which is holding onto the outside of the arm of the couch for dear life, "Inside, Nigel. C-claim what's rightfully yours."

Nigel's eyes darken at the request, pleased with his darling boy's decision, his desire. Will never lets him come inside, he's stated that it's too messy to deal with. So, Nigel respects that, and pulls out every time before he can come.

Will's nails are ripping the couch, he's sure of it. But he couldn't care less. He's in pure bliss.

He's not even hard, and yet he feels himself on the edge of coming, his flesh pressed flush against the steel bars.

"Shit- Nigel, fuckk.." Will pants out, aware that he's definitely being too loud. "I'm so fucking close!"

Will is shocked that he's going to be able to come without any touch on his cock. That's just how amazing Nigel is at this.

Nigel's smirk turns into a face of pleasure as he's pushed over the edge, coming inside of Will, hips stuttering as they continue to fuck into Will's body. His cum acts as extra lube as he pushes Will over into climax, abusing his prostate.

Will comes with a long groan, followed by little pants as he feels his semen leak out of his cage and onto his ballsack.

Nigel's hips slow to a stop when he sees Will's come drip down around his hole. He doesn't hesitate to lean down and claim Will's lips in a long kiss, both of their chests heaving.

Will smiles into the kiss when he feels Nigel pull out, his come flowing out of him once Nigel's length isn't there to plug it all in.

Nigel brings his hands up to cup Will's face, an oddly intimate gesture for two stranger who just enjoy fucking.

Will guesses that they're more than that now. Nigel has a claim over him now.

Will's legs go limp and fall against the couch while they continue to makeout sloppily, slowly.

When Nigel pulls back to admire Will's blissed face, he notices the boy digging in his bralet for the shiny object he noticed before.

Will takes one of Nigel's hands off of his face, dropping the key into the open palm.

The key is silver and warm from Will's skin. Nigel grips it in his palm, basking in the feeling of it digging into his skin.

"I'll take good care of it." Nigel whispers against Will's lips when he leans back down, "I'll take good care of you, gorgeous."

Will smiles at this, and pulls Nigel down to connect their lips. He never wants to let go of the older man.

He pulls back, looking into Nigel's eyes deeply before he speaks, "Then surely, you'll take me to your bed now, and continue this after a long bath?"

"Anything, gorgeous." Nigel says genuinely, wrapping his arms around Will's small frame to pick him up off the couch.

That's when he hears a knock at the door. They both have a panicked look on their faces when they realize that they were definitely heard from outside the room.

Will hears the muffled voice of his floor manager, "You two done screwing?" Beverly asks.

She pauses a moment for a reply.

But none comes.

"I'm going to take that as a yes." Bev laughs out, "Will, if you're still conscious, I need you to listen."

Will holds his breath for a moment.

“You’re on strike one.” Beverly says sternly, “Two more and you’re out, kid. Got it?”

Will sighs in relief, he really thought that he was going to lose his job tonight. He definitely would have if it had been anyone but Beverly who’d heard them.

“Nigel, take care of him. He’s on shift again tomorrow, don’t fuck his talent out of him.” Bev laughs, then the two hear heavy heels walk in the other direction.

“I can promise to take care of you, but I can’t promise that you’ll be able to perform tomorrow.” Nigel smirks, setting Will on his feet before leaning down to grab his clothes.

He dresses poorly, then moves to grab Will’s bathrobe. He drapes it over Will’s strong shoulders before scooping him up, bridal style this time.

“Let’s get out of here, gorgeous.” He whispers to the younger man before he makes his way out of the club with Will in his arms.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the fic!!

Please leave any questions, comments, or concerns, and I'll get back to you as soon as I can :))

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!